Subject: Chat with Catalina Saldaña
From: "Catalina Saldaña" <cat.salda@gmail.com>
To: barriticus@gmail.com

me: ah, this southern nationalist confederate douchebag fellow has finally gotten around to beginning the debate to which he challenged me like two weeks ago
me: which is good, because I haven't gotten to argue with anyone for about a week and a half
me: you don't know good you have it, being in a relationship with some guy with whom you're always arguing
me: I had to write a whole fucking book several years ago in order to get Professor William Dembski to argue with me
me: whereas you can argue with a professor whenever you'd like
me: CHERISH THESE MOMENTS
me: oh, snap
me: Vanity Fair wants me to write a manifesto
me: AHAHAHAHHAHA VICTORY
me: now they just want me to write about me and Charles Johnson and Stacy McCain and everything that's gone down over the past few months
me: let's see, what other self-indulgent things can I write into your little gchat box...
Catalina: im back!
Catalina: gonna read that stuff now
Catalina: omg!
Catalina: this guy died
Catalina: that worked here
Catalina: i always made fun of him
me: you killed him
Catalina: because he reminded me of Milton from office space
Catalina: no
Catalina: he was hit by a car
Catalina: everyone knows i dont drive
me: yeah, but you conjure cars into existence through your web of lies
Catalina: probab;y
me: maybe he was hit by my imaginary car
Catalina: probably so
me: when I was taking you to Mexico
me: from the airport
Catalina: i wish we would do that
Catalina: i didnt see that girl by the way
me: I guess that probably didn't actually happen
Catalina: the night i was over there

me: they'd left way before you arrived
me: funny story
Catalina: whats funny?
me: Ava (not Aida) was very upset
me: because the brokers arrived and started asking me to get them crack in front of everyone
me: also heroin
me: and Ava saw my needle on top of my desk thingy
me: she told me she cried when she got home
Catalina: why?
me: CRIED
Catalina: that sounds idiotic
me: because she heard a reference to drugs and her precious little eyes saw my needle
Catalina: how could you hurt her so??
me: I feed off of the pain of other
me: people
me: apparently
me: anyway, I wrote her a very apologetic e-mail
me: stupid bitch
me: I had given her this other gig
me: to produce the 30-second spot for the political action committee
me: for $100
me: like, two months ago
me: she still hadn't finished it by the December 5th deadline
me: and after being subjected to all of these Dickensian horrors at my apartment
me: she said she could no longer do that project
me: thus delaying the massive promotional campaign that I'd been planning, as I have to have this other, superior guy do it instead now
me: which is probably for the best
me: at any rate, she was upset about the "unprofessionalism" of the meeting
me: to which she arrived 3 hours late, incidentally
me: anywho
Catalina: you want me to kick her ass
Catalina: ?
me: PLEASE DO IT SHE HURT ME SO
me: it would be sexy. I like to be taken care of, to feel safe.
me: I need a man who can protect me
me: I mean, a 100-pound girl
me: instead of man
me: so, the guy died
me: how do you feel about that?
Catalina: which guy? Sam?
me: do you feel empty?

Catalina: i feel sad
Catalina: no
me: whoever got killed by my metaphysical car
me: WHOMEVER, rather
Catalina: at first i thought he died because there was something wrong with him
Catalina: and i didnt feel so bad
Catalina: i mean he was hunched and was just kind of weird and slow
Catalina: so i thought something was going on healthwise
Catalina: but then i found out he was hit by a car on his way home from work and was in the hospital for several days before he died
Catalina: thats sad
me: yep
me: on the other hand
me: his horrid life is over
me: imagine how terrible it would be to live life as an ugly, weird person
Catalina: i am an ugly weird person
Catalina: mostly on the inside though
me: one can be successful, attractive, engage in all sorts of amazing romances, yet still be terribly depressed
me: OH NO YOU'RE NOT CATALINA DON'T SAY THAT YOU'RE A WONDERFUL PERSON
Catalina: that is a blatant lie
me: you're a blatant lie
Catalina: now i will never be able to believe anything you say
me: snap
Catalina: anything at all
me: when I say it in caps it's because I would be doing a funny voice if I were with you in person
me: which itself entails that it may or may not be true
Catalina: ok
me: insomuch as that funny voices are intended to signify some sort of high-concept thing
me: thing
me: thing
Catalina: there is supposed to be some article about the professor i always argue with in the latest wired
me: this faggot keeps spelling my name wrong
Catalina: thing is a good word
me: well done, Wired is a fine pub
me: I'm still going to outdo him, but good for him nonetheless
me: you should read Neuromancer, by the way
me: speaking of Wired
me: also, you should read that paper on orality and the Greeks that I sent you a while back
Catalina: ok i will

me: actually, I should be writing this Vanity Fair piece on how great I am instead of bragging to you about how great I am since the editor wants it by morning so we can scoop the NYT
me: so I guess this is goodbye
me: FOREVER
Catalina: why dont you just publish this gchat?
Catalina: send them this gchat?
me: sure, then you can send it to your boyfriend
Catalina: what boyfriend?
Catalina: he dumped me yesterday
Catalina: not kidding
me: well
me: When I bet
me: I bet on break-ups not actually working
me: like, you guys broke up a couple weeks ago, as I recall
Catalina: oh i know
me: and then that didn't quite take
Catalina: its kind of funny
me: and then there was that one time
Catalina: but i think it makes him feel better
me: when I broke up with Jen
Catalina: true
me: and then Jen kept coming over
me: and then I "cheated" on her
me: my ex-girlfriend
me: and she got upset
Catalina: hows miriam by the way?
me: as I recall
me: loony
me: she came by the other day
me: drew pictures of me
me: gave me pills
me: again
Catalina: that sounds lovely
me: hopefully
me: I won't have to continue this
me: I was thinking I might need a job job job type job
me: which she could get me
me: but I think I've figured out a way to avoid that
Catalina: good
me: yeah
Catalina: so you wont be working in that kitchen?
me: I'll be damned if I'm going to go out and work at a fucking job just because Andy and

Scott are fucking crying children with no money
me: nah
me: I'm not going to do that
me: basically
me: this Vanity Fair thing that's going down
me: is going to save my ass
me: plus I've got a couple of other tricks up my sleeve
me: they want me to write a piece tonight
me: so that we can scoop the NYT
me: which is going to be running an article this weekend about Charles Johnson and McCain and possibly me to some small extent
me: but they're working off an interview they did a month and a half ago
me: whereas I interviewed Johnson just a few days ago
me: and am directly involved in the conflict
me: and thus able to provide more info on the subject, particularly since the NYT doesn't have as much info as I do regarding all of this
me: and can't cover blogs worth a damn
me: so, Mike Hogan wants me to do a piece explaining what's gone down, how I'm involved, and this big project that I'm planning with Johnson by which we hope to pressure the NYT and Washington Post and other outlets to fire their big columnists
Catalina: that sounds promising
me: for all the nonsense that I've spelled out in my new book and some other recent articles
me: IT'S ALL A RICH TAPESTRY
me: anyway, it's hard to explain, I'll show you the article later
me: so I'm going to write that now
me: you should give me a call this evening
me: so that I may hear your lovely voice and otherwise delight in your femininity
me: as there's plenty of femininity around here already, but it's the kind one gets from unemployed, crying men
me: which is disturbing
me: that's enough sexual harassment for now, I'm satisfied
me: keep it real, playa
Catalina: ok
Catalina: ill call you later
Catalina: bye